

THE DICKENSIAN

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WHEN FOUND—

IN 1848, Frank Stone, A.R.A. painted a picture which he called "The Duet," in which was represented a group round a piano listening to the music of the two singers. When Mr. Teignmouth Shore's book, "Charles Dickens and his Friends," was being issued in parts this picture was used to illustrate one of them, and the legend underneath it stated that among the figures was Charles Dickens, Alfred Lord Tennyson and Miss Hogarth. We took exception to this at the time and on the picture being submitted to us recently by Mr. A. Rischgitz for a definite opinion we again expressed our dissension and explained our reasons. Mr. Rischgitz now informs us that he has since submitted the picture to Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., who says that he distinctly remembers his father painting it, and that the group represents *no one in particular*, the figures being done from ordinary models. The only figure done partly from life was the seated one in the foreground and this was Tennyson. But the artist painted him as he imagined him to have appeared in his young manhood. Tennyson was thirty-nine when the picture was painted, but he appears considerably younger in the picture.

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A plan showing the site of Bill Sikes's house on the Folly Ditch was recently discovered by Mr. G. W. Mitchell, a Bermondsey Borough Council official, when revising the drainage plans of the borough. A tracing of the plan, which exactly corresponds with the description in *Oliver Twist*, and which bears the date April 5th, 1855, has been presented by Mr. Mitchell to the Dickens Fellowship and another to the local library. We hope to deal fully with the discovery in a future number and to reproduce the plan.

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Herr Georg Bernhard, of the "Vossische Zeitung," makes the interesting confession that amid the horrors of the war the broad humour of Dickens has been a constant and refreshing companion not only of the Germans at home, but of German generals and soldiers in the trenches. Herr Bernhard says what is true. One of the first things that met the eye of a British war correspondent when he entered the German trenches at Roye was a grimy and tattered copy of *David Copperfield*.

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At the Sale of the premises of the Deutsche Bank in George Yard, Lombard Street, on the 19th of last month, the adjoining hostel, "The George and Vulture," which formed part of the property, was

also offered for sale but withdrawn owing to the reserve price not being reached. We understand that the premises will be rebuilt in 1920. The unaccountable thing about the sale was the fact that the auctioneer, in giving some historic data concerning the old Pickwickian Inn, entirely abstained from mentioning its association with Dickens and Pickwick. The daily papers, one and all, however, duly supplied the well-known details, whilst one went so far as to say that "Sam Weller there found a wife."

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Dickens has been well to the fore again on the stage and the cinema. A few weeks back a new version of *Oliver Twist* was performed for a short time at the "Old Vic." It was by Mr. Russell Thorndike and Mr. Eric Ross, and was very well acted. Mr. Thorndike was Fagin, Mr. Mark Stanley Bill Sikes, Mr. Ross the Artful Dodger, and Miss Sybil Thorndike was Nancy. Tom Taylor's version of *A Tale of Two Cities* was also performed at Olympia Cwmbran on May 23rd and 24th by the Cwmbran Dramatic Society, in aid of Royal Gwent Hospital.

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New film versions of two of Dickens's stories have recently been exhibited at what is technically termed a "Trade Show" previous to their exhibition to the public in October next. The most ambitious of these was *A Tale of Two Cities*, produced by the Fox Film Company of America, in which Mr. William Farnum played the parts of Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay. It is one of the finest Dickens films we have yet seen, and one of the few in which the story and characters of the novelist have not been tampered with. There was a huge audience to witness it, and special seats were reserved for the officers of the Dickens Fellowship, all of whom expressed a very high opinion of the performance. We hope to refer to it again later in more detail. The other film was a version of *A Christmas Carol*, for some unknown reason called "Scrooge the Skinflint." We were not given the privilege of seeing this and so are unable to speak of its merit.

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"While Charles Dickens's inimitable *Christmas Carol*, rendered into Welsh, is a comparatively recent production," writes Mr. Aneurin Williams in *Notes and Queries*, it is now openly stated the MS. translation of *David Copperfield* has been disinterred from an obscure corner, and not yet seen the light of day. Antecedent circumstances have not yet been explained, nor any description given of this product of a labour of love on the part of a deceased gifted translator, beyond an admission that some characters of the novel have been transposed for adaptation to Welsh surroundings. Otherwise the translation is literal, and identity, in the main, preserved."

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In accordance with its custom, the Dickens Fellowship placed a wreath of scarlet geraniums and ivy leaves on the tomb of Charles Dickens on the 9th of last month, the anniversary of his death,

THE EDITOR.

THOMAS HUDSON, THE LONDON POETICAL-HUMORIST OF DICKENS'S EARLY LIFE

By JOHN SUDDABY

IT is about three years since Mr. J. T. Page, of Long Itchington, called attention in *The Dickensian* to Dickens, according to the testimony of his grandson and namesake, being very fond of singing or trolling comic songs to his descendants assembled at his home, one in particular being a funny story about Guy Fawkes, which had a rattling rollicking chorus of "ri fol de riddy tol lol lol, bow wow wow," or something to that effect. The author's name was asked for, and there was an early response from Fellowship members that it was Thomas Hudson who had written numerous oddities in verse, and the air of the song was forthcoming along with specimens of his humour. It was clear from his different songs that he was probably a Londoner and well versed in its localities and incidents, but so far, no further information has been given concerning him. Let me, therefore, pursue the matter with notes of items concerning him.

Mr. Page in opening the correspondence, gave the song as a Victorian one of 1837 or later, and cited its sixth or last verse as follows:—

"Then bless her gracious Majesty, and bless her Royal son, sirs !
And may he never get blown up, except it is in fun, sirs !
But if he does, why then he will, so prophesies my song, sirs ;
And if he don't, why then he won't, and so I can't be wrong, sirs."

Mr. W. T. J. Woodrow, Willliott's Manor, Potter's Bar, Middlesex however, followed with the statement that he had a song book published in the "thirties" with a version showing the song existent in the reign of King William IV (1830-7), the royal verse commencing with this line:—

"Now let us sing, 'Long live the King,' and bless his Royal son sirs ;
etc."

It had at its heading the statement "Written by a Cantab. Music at Allcroft's, 15 New Bond St.," and it was submitted that Mr. Page's version was not strictly correct. Well, the other day, I was referring to "The Universal Songster"—three volumes of over 1200 pages and thousands of songs with many illustrations by the Cruikshanks and published by Jones and Co., London, 1826—when I came across a still earlier version of the song ! It flashed across me that this was really too bad, and it makes one hesitate to correct Mr. Woodrow for fear it should turn out eventually that the song has been current since the time when Guy Fawkes was executed in 1606, and been altered periodically as Kings and Queens have succeeded to the British throne. The song may have floated along through three centuries to impress upon the successive generations, as the saying goes, to

Please to remember

The Fifth of November !

This 1826 version commences the last verse with:—

"Now bless our gracious George the Fourth, and bless his royal son,
sir !" etc.

There is also in this third version another alteration to fit it to its period. Whilst those of William the Fourth and Victoria's reigns in the fourth verse do honour to "Townsend, the famous Bow Street runner," this earlier version reads :—

"And when they caught him in the fact, he used a little kickery,
And so they went to Bow street, sir, for the bold runner Vickery ;"

The heading of the 1826 song is "Guy Faux," the older name of the historical character, which, of course, imparts perhaps an element of suspicion that there may be earlier copies of the song. If some Dickensian were to reveal an old black-letter broadside edition of it of the period of Guy's "Rise and Fall," with a pictorial heading of cavaliers in broad-trimmed and buckle-banded slouch hats and with belted smocks and over-wrapping cloaks and full-length boots, standing, say, in the moonlight outside some English homes with quaint gables and timber work singing the song—and with, of course, one man holding a lanthorn—I should not be at all surprised ! And what about the reigns of Edward VII. and the present George V. at the present end of the historical stick ? Surely the edition of the Victorian era was not poor Guy's requiem, and that Dickens was guilty of hilarious frivolity, delight and happiness, and spread such merriment to his descendants ? Alas ! poor Guy ! He must indeed be dead, for England has now for three Novembers, forbidden those squibs, crackers and bombs which have for generations, on the Fifth so delighted us. And perhaps as well dead for his comparatively tiny fireworks would be as nothing against the giant volcanic bomb forces of the present war period.

But I must not digress from Thomas Hudson. In the *London Vocalist*, undated and published by T. Duncombe and Co., with several illustrations by Cruikshank and Jones, I find a number of Hudson's songs. There is a page frontispiece of Mr. Wood as Albert in the Bottle Jump, which may guide some dramatic reader to the date of the book. In association with several songs, Hudson is dubbed "Esq.," but one song "Old Father Thames and the Thames Tunnel" mentions it as written and sung by him at the Harmonic Meetings, Kean's Head. I have also come across, almost simultaneously, a real and very decisive relic of the poet, viz. : eight annual issues of poems or songs by him dated between the years 1818 and 1827 inclusive. They are mostly of 36 pages each and "printed by Gold and Walton, 24 Wardour St., Oxford St., for T. Hudson, Kean's Head, Russell Court, Drury Lane." The third annual, 1825 (? 1821) is printed by Cox, 1 Lion Court, Wych St. for T. Hudson, 98 Shoe Lane, Fleet St. ; 1824 by Brown, 26 St. John St., Clerkenwell and Hudson again at the 98 Shoe Lane address, and also in 1826. In the various song books, I have come across, there are about 150 Hudson poems. The Guy Fawkes song is not in these annuals, but it may have been originally published separately with a music seller, as was the case with Mr. Woodrow's version. Hudson did publish a number of detached pieces with plates through music agents. He seems in two publications

to have lost count of his numerous issues. For instance, in the 1818 annual, there is a footnote that he still has a number of copies of his other collections, whilst in 1826, he says his six former collections may still be had, implying that this 1818 serial was his first set. Possibly Hudson was at mid life when so turning out his attractive ditties, and so many of them about London and its characters real or imaginary. He was alive in 1841 or after, as shown by the song "Singing Made Easy and Hullah-Baloo," dealt with in the *Dickensian* some years ago, for it was in that year, Hullah started his monster singing classes at Exeter Hall. And the song sung at the Kean's Head about the Thames Tunnel, which public work was completed in 1845, evidently refers to an accidental flooding of the tunnel during its construction. He chronicles:—

Old Father Thames in spirits sad and very woeful way,
Started down from Richmond town to London t'other day;
He heard the people talking loud, which strongly roused his wonder
About new bridges over him, and a wond'rous tunnel under.

He had a rough time as he recounts being eddied and whirled
going down stream, and when off Redriff

He felt the tunnel people busy undermine his bed;
Fired with curiosity and sly as any cat,
He made a hole and peeped thro' just to see what they were at.

The workmen, frightened, ran away, as soon as he did enter,
He found two arches stout and strong, and brick'd up to the centre;
He liked the place amazingly—it seemed a quiet road,
So arch—resolved beneath the arch to take up his abode.

The architect, the engineers and workmen made a rout,
And used endeavours fair and foul, in vain to get him out;
He says—in their ejection tho' there may be not a flaw,
Everybody knows possession's nine points of the law.

The Kean's Head, where he sung this song is, of course, called after Edmund, the elder of the Keans (1787-1833) and is, or was, situate in the then great theatre centre of the West End of London, and one concludes that Hudson, being popular, there would be a full house of all the talents—theatrical, critics, reviewers and the habitués at evenings in the dramatic centre. The London theatres then left at midnight or after, and at the close, there was a rush to the cafés, chop houses and hostelries and reunions for a few hours. Hudson wrote many a song for one or other of the actors and actresses of his day, and who knows he may have supplied quips and cranks to add to the humour and success of their parts. He wrote "Billy Bumpkin's Peep at the Coronation of George IV.," as sung by Mr. Fitzwilliam at the Surrey Theatre; "Dash my Vig" for Mr. Tokely in *Teasing made Easy*; "I wish all in vain I'd never got wed" for Mr. Rayner as *Fixture in A Roland for an Oliver*; *The Age of new Inventions* also for him sung at the Covent Garden Theatre to a "Bow, wow, wow" chorus;

songs for the Vauxhall Gardens stage, etc. He, like other authors of his period, had a grievance against a certain class of republishers, for in 1822, the almost blank back of the title page has inscribed across it,

PIRATES BEWARE,

and it may be noted that in some of the general song books of early following years, certain of his songs are included as by "(H. P.)," which, if meaning Hudson's Poems, seems an unsatisfactory acknowledgement. In the publication of the year before, the title page was inscribed at its back as follows:—

To Mr. WILLIAM KENS, chairman of the *Philanthropic Harmonists*, the helper of every man in distress, the staunch supporter of that great cause *PHILANTHROPY*, and the best friend I ever had *THESE SONGS* are inscribed. October 30, 1821.

It requires little imagination to conclude that the Harmonists were a Society, meeting at the Kean's Head, and that it and the hostelry generally, was one of the most popular resorts at concluding hours in the great theatrical centre of Drury Lane. Why, when one thinks, it was in, or close off this lane, that Dick Swiveller had apartments over a tobacco shop, and had only to go on the staircase at any time for a sneeze without buying snuff, and it was here, on the advent of the soapy arm of the maid of the house and a strong gush of tobacco that he received the invitation for the Wackles party. In later chapters of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, we find how he and his bosom companion, Chuckster, belonged the Glorious Apollers, and in daily meetings exchanged harmonic or dramatic lines in their conversation and greetings. Then, in *Bleak House*, we have one of these Harmonic meetings at the Sol's Arms, where the inquest on 'our dear brother' took place, and how little Swills reproduces the scene of the coroner's enquiry at the next gathering of the songsters "with recreative intervals of pianoforte accompaniment to the refrain, With his tippy lol li loll, tippy tol le doll, tippy tol li doll, dee!" Hudson's Kean's Head with its Harmonists must have been a resort of the first order in its day to be named in its songs and singers in the publications of the period, and although Swiveller, Chuckster and Little Swills may have had A 1 ideas of their harmonic gatherings, they would perhaps have felt honoured to have received invitations for an evening with the great folk of the Philanthropics. This is certain: Dickens knew all about the procedure of the harmonics in and about the theatre districts of London, the knowledge being possibly acquired when he was a journalist and a keen patron and follower of the drama, and he may have actually known Thomas Hudson in the flesh, he being evidently such a character amongst dramatic people.

I do not know whether Hudson had really the prophetic power of Nixon whom Dickens writes of prophesying "so finely," and whose

prophecies were on sale in the shops. But in 1822, in a yarn about Tom Stitch, the tailor and his wife, he wrote :—

Her eyes like a needle my heart went quite thro'
I was *all of a twist* somehow what could I do ?

The italics are mine, it being a mere incident that Hudson did not italicise those words. Surely, he had some inkling of the coming of *Oliver Twist* some sixteen years later ? I have read of this expression by writers after *Oliver Twist* was written, but the palm must be given to Hudson for his long sightedness and anticipation. He, however, did more, for in his song "The Saints' Holiday" (1827), he introduces Mrs. Twist and her daughter. Take another step, and in a song about "Poor Little Joe" (1826), he introduces in patter between verses the expression "Dickens and daisies." These flowers are indicative of spring-time, and it was then the period of Dickens's lifetime, he being 14 years of age.

On the point of whether Hudson was really "A Cantab" or not as named, it may be uncertain, but his song annuals and individual songs were greatly preceded by suitable quotations from very many of the best writers. He was very fond of Burns, and his first serial has on its title page

Some rhyme a neighbour's name to lash,
Some rhyme (vain thought) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
And raise a din :
For me, an aim I never fash,
I rhyme for fun.

His next was :—

I am nae Poet in a sense,
But just a ryhmer like by chance,
And ha'e to learning nae pretence ;
Yet what the matter ?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

A third apt quotation is :—

An anxious e'e, I never throws,
Behint my lug or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows,
As weel's I may ;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care and pose,
I rhyme away.

Then we have others, viz. :—

It's success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions.
(Dr. Johnson.)

There was a song made by him which little children did use to sing when they went to fetch mustard. (Rabelais.)

If you say to me, Master, it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these *flimflam* stories and pleasant Fooleries ; I answer you that you are not much wiser to spend your time in reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make to yourself

merry, as in manner of pastime I wrote them, you and I are far more worthy of pardon than a great rabble of squint-minded fellows, counterfeit saints, demure lookers, hypocritical zealots, and other such sects of men, who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world. (Rabelais.)

Since neither Janus nor Chronus, nor I
Can hinder the crimes,
Nor prevent the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry. (Dryden.)

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. (*Taming the Shrew*.)

Hudibras, Rowe, Suckling, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, Cowper, Hamlet, Othello, Voltaire, Old Songs and Sayings, etc., are all drawn upon for apt headlines.

MICAWBER REDIVIVUS

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

I HAVE recently come into possession of a book, a piece of pseudo-fiction, not without some interest as a Dickensian curiosity. Date there is none to it, but, judging by internal evidence, it was probably published in the sixties or seventies. The fact that it was sold for sixpence, although it is well got up and contains twenty-one full-page illustrations, is explained by a purpose that underlies its inception.

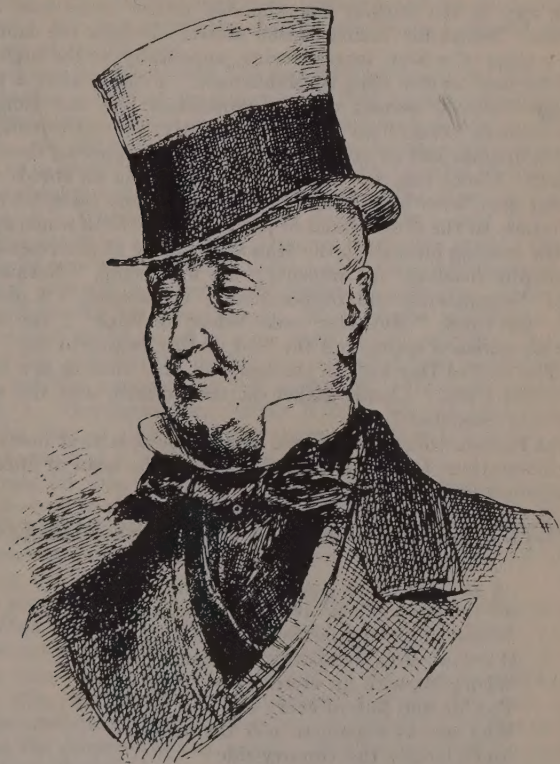
The title, in full, has a certain grandiloquent flow about it well befitting the subject, and is as follows:—

M I C A W B E R
REDIVIVUS
OR
HOW HE MADE A FORTUNE
AS A MIDDLEMAN
LOST THE CONFIDENCE OF AN ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC
AND
SUCCUMBED TO DIRECT SUPPLY

The writing of the tale is well in keeping with this, being done largely in a Micawber vein. The author, who masquerades as Jonathan Coalfield, is supposed to be a cousin and bosom friend of David Copperfield. We are told by him that the "gilded splendour" that has surrounded Micawber in Australia has been "entirely eaten away" by the "corrosive influence" of a "defiling scum" due to a "slimy torrent," which last appears to be a general metaphor for misfortunes that have launched themselves upon his unhappy head in the shape of artful Yankee speculators who have swindled him out of his wealth. Micawber therefore returns to England, accompanied by "his multitudinous and hungry family." He has now "nothing to recommend him but his native majesty, and genteelness, and the colossal mind which breathes in every feature of his expressive countenance."

To the returned emigrant's new abode, Hallucination Buildings,

Chelsea, hies the author to find him a prey to dark despondency. Under the mellowing influence of a bowl of punch, however, his spirits regain their wonted buoyancy. Subsequently, his ideas turn once again to the coal trade as a source of livelihood, but instead of adopting his former superficial start of journeying to look at the Medway, he pays a visit to the Pinxton Collieries, in Derbyshire, and is allowed to descend one of the mines. Here a good deal of solid information is



MR. MICAWBER

Drawn by W. Graham Simpson

sandwiched in. Micawber tries his hand with the pick, lying on his side for the purpose, and proudly surveys the one piece of coal he triumphantly chips off after producing "more effect upon his knuckles than on the coal."

He then makes one of those vigorous leaps to which he was wont to refer, starting in the coal trade for himself in a small way in the Fulham Road. From the humble position of dealer he rises, step by step, till

he becomes a coal factor of importance, having a number of offices and Coal Depots at the Railway Termini. In short, he attains affluence, resides in a brand-new villa at Brixton, "with conservatory and billiard-room complete," and presents his wife with a "gorgeous chariot" drawn by a pair of horses "glittering in silver-mounted harness, emblazoned with the Micawber arms." He also makes a host of new friends, whom the author terms "a hollow crew," contrast in every way to the faithful few who had rallied round him in his adversities. Meanwhile famine stalks abroad through the land and there is a reign of misery, largely owing, apparently, to the high price charged for coal by the Ring of Middlemen. Finally, after a period of struggle between certain colliery proprietors and the Ring, the Pinxton Colliery Owners (to whom, apparently, the little book owes its existence) come out as saviours of the people, supplying them with coal direct. Hence ruin for Micawber. Once again he stands alone, everything gone from him. Clearly there is but one thing for him to do—to return to the shining land of plenty; so the book winds up with the author bidding farewell to the Micawber family at Gravesend Pier.

The chapter headings are amusing; the first being, "Nothing will turn up. Despondency and Desperation"; the second, "A gleam of Hope"; the third, "Micawber looks before he leaps"; the fourth, "Micawber makes a spring and the God of Day begins to rise"; the fifth, "The God of Day high in the heavens, and what he saw on the earth"; the sixth, "Clouds gather on the horizon, and the sun of Micawber is obscured."

For the Dickens collector, I should say, the book is most noteworthy for the illustrations by W. Graham Simpson. The head of Micawber, given as frontispiece, is a capital piece of work.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

CLI.

AH! me, what gratitude is ours
 To one whose overwhelming powers,
 Whose subtle and distinguished art,
 O'erflows with sympathy and heart!
 Who gilds with an eternal ray
 The life and folk of every day;
 Who throws a glamour o'er the tide,
 And glorifies the country-side:
 Who charms the most unlikely plots
 And changes them to hallowed spots!
 With shrines that soon become the rage
 And subject of a pilgrimage!
 The Great Magician! It is he,
 Whose humour, pathos, charity
 Have, by his magic, made, you see,
 Romance more real than History!—J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Extracted from "The Prairies of the Thames," a poem in *The River Rhymer*, by J. Ashby-Sterry.

CHARLES DICKENS'S MANUSCRIPTS

By WILLIAM MILLER and T. W. HILL

CHARLES DICKENS'S handwriting is familiar in appearance to almost everyone owing to the numerous reproductions in facsimile that have been published from time to time. When his long period of authorship is taken into consideration, together with his reporting, journalistic and editorial industry, and his enormous correspondence, it is not surprising that he must have produced thousands of pages of manuscript.

There can be little doubt but that Dickens loved the manual act of penmanship. It must be remembered that he very rarely employed an amanuensis and had no mechanical aid such as the modern typewriter. He can have been never so happy as when his pen was in his hand, or he would not have taken the trouble to write his own prompt-books, stage-directions, and even the bills of the plays for his private theatricals. Wherever he was he became immersed in extensive correspondence in addition to his own particular work. During his travels he was always taking notes and writing descriptions. In his editorial capacity he wrote long letters of criticism, encouragement or suggestion to his contributors. Many of the articles he received were revised by him and in some cases nearly re-written by himself. One of his peculiarities is that he seldom if ever used figures, but wrote out the numerals at full length (e.g., "twenty-seventh" for "27th"). Throughout the *Child's History*, the dates are given thus: "In the year of Our Lord one thousand two hundred and seventy-two," instead of "1272 A.D."

Bearing all this in mind, it seems wise to limit the scope of the present essay to the MSS. of Dickens's published works, i.e., his novels and contributions to the journals he founded and conducted, without any reference to his innumerable letters or his unpublished dramatic writings and literary productions.

The present resting places of these MSS. must be a matter of interest to all Dickensians. In his will Dickens gives "to the said John Forster such manuscripts of my published works as may be in my possession at the time of my decease." Forster in his turn bequeathed them to his wife, who generously surrendered her own rights in order to fulfil her husband's wish that these precious documents might ultimately become the property of the nation. They repose with the remainder of Forster's Bequest in the custody of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and include a part of *Oliver Twist*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, the *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *American Notes*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Pictures from Italy*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, the *Child's History of England*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Edwin Drood*; a few of the shorter books like *Sketches of Young Couples*, the *Chimes*, and some of the articles reprinted in *Miscellaneous Papers*.

The story of the other MSS. is full of interest, but, alas, there are many lacunæ in the record. All those of which the present home is

known are tabulated at the end of this Article, but a few interesting facts connected with some of the MSS. are given here. It may be mentioned that in 1913 the Grolier Club of New York held an Exhibition at which were shewn most of the Dickens MSS. then in America.

In early life, when Dickens was writing the *Sketches by Boz*, the papers, as they succeeded each other, were sent to the publisher of the "Monthly Magazine," "Morning Chronicle" and other periodicals, and after publication, were put on one side and probably destroyed. At any rate, the most painstaking enquiry has failed to bring any of them to light. The MS. sheets of *Pickwick* were never preserved in entirety, but isolated portions are known to exist. A quite appreciable fragment—chapters 35-36—was sold in 1882 for £51 to Mr. C. B. Foote, who resold it in 1895 for \$775 to Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn; a page of chapter 37 is in the British Museum; a page of chapter 38 was sold in 1916 at the "Coggeshall" Sale, U.S.A., having been exhibited in the Dickens Fellowship Exhibition at the Memorial Hall in 1903; 5 pages (chapter 19) were presented in 1915 by Mrs. Frank Gielgud to the Red Cross Sale in connection with the present War, and these were purchased for £450 by Lady Wernher and presented to the British Museum; four lines cut from the original MS. are in the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer.

The portion of the MS. of *Oliver Twist* at the Victoria and Albert Museum consists of chapters 12-43. These were rescued from the rubbish during a clearance of the publisher's premises and were purchased by Forster in 1870. One page of chapter 15 is, however, in America, having been given by Charles Dickens himself with a lock of his hair (then abundant) to Charles Edwards Lester in 1840, and afterwards found its way into the library of the late R. H. Stoddard. That Dickens had begun to appreciate the fact that his MSS. were worth keeping, is shewn in the letter accompanying the present, as he says: "As I have not the complete MS. of *Oliver* (I wish I had, as it would one day have an interest for my children) . . . it is a portion of the original and only draught—I never copy."

The MS. of *Nicholas Nickleby* is not complete, and what there is—chapters 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 20—(165 pages in all)—is in America.

Of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, besides the MS. in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Mr. J. F. Dexter has a galley-proof on which among several corrections in Dickens's hand, several paragraphs are deleted as he had over-written this number. This shews how exuberant was his fancy and his industry at the time, and offers a striking contrast to his later production when, owing to his nervous, overwrought condition, he sometimes was a page or more short in his monthly instalment. In February, 1847, he wrote to Forster: "I am horrified to find that the first chapter [of one of the monthly instalments of *Dombey*] makes at least two pages less than I had supposed, and I have a terrible apprehension that there will not be copy enough for the number." This was, however, only due to his attention being taken by a scheme for a Christmas Story which had to be abandoned on account of pressure of other work. In later years, over-work in connection with his

Readings seriously injured his health, and in July, 1865, we find him writing to Forster as follows: "Fancy my having under-written number sixteen (of *Our Mutual Friend*) by two and a half pages—a thing I have not done since *Pickwick*!" Whilst engaged on *Edwin Drood*, after the symptoms of his illness had worried him for some years and he had the additional anxiety of public readings, he wrote on December 22nd, 1869: "When I had written and, as I thought, disposed of the first two numbers of my story, Clowes informed me to my horror that they were together twelve printed pages too short!!!"

This Page is from an unpublished fragment written by Charles Dickens for private performance in his own family, 1834 and is in his own handwriting. The Great Unfaded "read" your little daughter

O' Thello

John Dickens
Albington
June 1834

(part of *The Great Unfaded*)

Act 1 = Scene 2

Discovers at table on opening of scene

Gl Begin the business

Drab enters and says "Prison! confusion!"

Gr What charge can warrant such a prosecution?

Drab — Warrant

Gl You're not warranted

In making noise enough to wake the dead

Tell us (just having made a proper bow)

What is the meaning of this precious court?

Drab — stolen by daughter

Gr Who has done this?

Drab — O' Thello

Gr Cull the man in

(Music: waltz till he comes & music stops)

And now command silence?

What can you say in your own defence?

Hayden's Op. 2

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "O'THELLO"

For the *Child's History of England*, written for his own children, Miss Georgina Hogarth acted as his amanuensis and all that book is in her handwriting excepting chapters 2 and 6 which are by Charles Dickens's own hand.

The MS. of *Hard Times* is the first written in the well-known blue ink that Charles Dickens used all his life thereafter.

The MS. of *Great Expectations* was presented by Charles Dickens in 1861 to the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, by whom it was bequeathed to the Museum at Wisbech where it now reposes.

In 1865, Dickens, who seldom read reviews of his books, was shewn an appreciative notice in the *Times* of the newly-published *Our Mutual Friend*. He was so gratified that he presented the original MS. to the writer of the article, Mr. E. S. Dallas. The MS. was sold to J. C. Hotten in 1870 and then it changed to Mr. Welford of Scribner's in 1874 and to Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia and was, by his wish, given after his death to the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

A few notes of the vicissitudes undergone by other MSS. of Dickens's may be added. In 1840, the pages of an early unpublished play called "O' Thello," written for private theatricals in 1833 were distributed to friends, each page bearing a certificate of authenticity in the writing of John Dickens, the novelist's father.

Dickens's contributions to Bentley's Miscellany during the years 1837 to 1839 were collected into one volume and published by Bentley in 1880. The MSS. remain in Mr. Bentley's hands.

The MS. of *A Christmas Carol* was presented by Charles Dickens to Thomas Mitton, his solicitor and personal friend. After Dickens's death, it was sold in 1875 to a London bookseller (F. Harvey), then to Mr. G. Churchill; in 1882, Mr. Bennett, a bookseller in Birmingham, bought it and sold it to Mr. (now Sir) S. M. Samuel, from whom it was obtained by Mr. J. P. Morgan.

The MSS. of *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *The Haunted Man* were given to Miss Georgina Hogarth by the Author. The former was included in the Dickens Exhibition, organized by the Dickens Fellowship at Caxton Hall in 1909. It is believed to have found its way to America, but in 1914, it was to be seen in a London bookseller's window. The present whereabouts of these two manuscripts is not known to the present writers, but are believed to be in the United States.

The *Battle of Life*. In connection with this Christmas book, an interesting story is told. An intimate lady friend of Charles Dickens called on him one day and in the course of conversation shewed him with great pride an early manuscript of some story or paper which he would willingly have buried in oblivion. In a fever of haste, he begged it back and put it in the fire, but in return he presented to the lady friend the precious MS. of the *Battle of Life*. The fifty-page MS. appeared in a bookseller's catalogue in 1884. In 1899, it was sold at the Wright Sale in London for £400, and it is now in the collection of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Having regard to the care that the methodical John Forster dowered upon his papers and collections, it cannot be probable that many MSS. of unpublished fragments of Dickens's writings will ever now come to light. Only three have been traced so far, and with the exception of one on "Education and the Influence exercised by Women in the Home," sold to an admirer of the novelist about a year or so ago, they are to be found in booksellers' catalogues. They are: one on "The Condition of the Working Classes" and one on "Emigration" (with special relation to Australia).

The MSS. of most of the articles contributed by Dickens to his periodicals "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" may

very likely be lost, as they were produced largely in the same way as the *Sketches by Boz*, but a few have been preserved and will be found in chronological order in the table* which follows. But possibly some of them are in private hands hidden away among treasured family possessions. It appears to the writers of this article more than probable also that some stray portions of *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, and perhaps even of *Oliver Twist*, may perchance be found in the archives of persons whose parents or grandparents were friendly with Charles Dickens, so that it is possible that the future may bring to light more MS. fragments than are detailed below. Mr. J. F. Dexter informs us that he recollects once seeing the MS. of "Reflections of a Lord Mayor," and five odd pages of MS. of *A Child's History of England* horribly stained and dirty, but cannot call to mind where.

JOSEPH ASHBY-STERRY

By B. W. MATZ

DEATH has levied a heavy toll on the Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship these last two months. Following closely upon the loss of Miss Hogarth and Sir Francis C. Burnand comes that of Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, who died on the first of last month. His funeral took place at Golders-green Crematorium, on 5th June.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry was associated with the Fellowship from its earliest days, but although he was not able to take active part in its work, he gave it his best support, sympathy and advice. And in this latter direction, he was well equipped, having been a life-long student of the novelist and one of his most enthusiastic interpreters.

He was born in London the same year as "*Pickwick*" (1836), and London and its river have been his chief loves always. About the former he has written scores and scores of articles, whilst as many poems devoted to the latter have come from his pen. And in almost every one can be traced his admiration for Dickens and his books; indeed, in many instances, Dickens is the inspiration, and often the subject, of them. In his last published volume, "*The River Rhymer*," (1913), are several references to the novelist. Of one long poem entitled "*The Prairies of the Thames*," nearly one half is devoted to the scene and characters of the opening of *Great Expectations*. Our monthly Poetical Tribute to Charles Dickens, on another page, is extracted from this poem.

It would be impossible, in a short space, to do justice to his prose even from the Dickensian point of view. In his "*Cucumber Chronicles*" (1887), are three articles entirely Dickensian—"Betsey Trotwood's House," which he discovered to his own satisfaction and delight on Dover Heights; "*The Wooden Midshipman*," which originally appeared in *All the Year Round* in October 1881; and "*The Haunted Precinct*," a charming description of the spot in the Temple where he once had chambers, but an added interest to it is the delight he finds in associating Pip and Magwitch with the particular corner he is

* The Chronological Table will be published in our next issue.—EDITOR.

writing of. The article on Old Sol Gill's shop is illustrated with a unique photo of the shop as it actually was when Dickens introduced it into *Dombey and Son*.

But it would be difficult to pick out an article in the volume in which Dickens is not used to embellish the theory involved. And this applies also to *The Bystander: or Leaves for the Lazy* (1901). In this volume are two special articles—"Jonas Chuzzlewit," which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, May 1893, under the title of "The Apotheosis of Jonas Chuzzlewit," wherein he advocates that Jonas Chuzzlewit should have a statue; and "Dickens in Southwark," which originally appeared in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1888, fully illustrated. There is no doubt that Mr. Ashby-Sterry cultivated the Dickensian method of writing, as adopted in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. He not only cultivated it, but excelled in it. He began his travels and explorations in Dickensland when he was a very small boy, he tells us in one of these articles, and he was much amused to see his name once mentioned as the Professor of Dickensian Topography. That is just what he was, a Professor—and an amiable and well-informed Professor to boot. So that when he invites you at the outset of one of his jaunts to "take my arm, trust in me, and I will personally conduct you through one of the pleasantest provinces of Dickensland," you are set at ease at once, and confident of a right enjoyable time.

Speaking of *The Bystander* reminds us that Mr. Ashby-Sterry was the originator and writer of the popular column with that heading which appeared for eighteen years in *The Graphic*. In 1909, it developed into the weekly periodical with the same name. The title, too, was Dickensian, for had it not for its motto "'Stand by!' Captain Cuttle." We believe, too, that it was in this column that the word "Dickensian" was first coined, at which time it was often the custom to use "Dickensonian."

Mr. Ashby-Sterry's first ambition was to be a painter, and at the age of nineteen he was painting life-size portraits, and drawing on the wood for *Punch* and other papers. But he drifted into journalism, and eventually abandoned the brush for the pen. Besides his weekly contribution to *The Graphic*, he was, from 1891 to 1907, art critic of *The Daily Graphic*. He published several other books of essays than those we have mentioned, such as *Shuttlecock Papers*, *Tiny Travels*, *Snailway Guides*; was the author of *Nutshell Novels* and that delightful novel of the Thames, *A Naughty Girl*, which has run into many editions. His volumes of poems were *The Lazy Minstrel*, *The River Rhymer* and *Boudoir Ballads*, almost all of which had their being in his passionate love of the river of which, it is said, he knew every inch from the source in Tewsbury Wood to the Buoy at the Nore.

For many years past he lived his bachelor life in chambers in St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, where he had for some time, as friend and neighbour, Captain Hawley Smart, of whose novels he was a great admirer. His writing room was a huge one over-looking the Square. The floor and tables were covered with stacks of books,

magazines and newspapers, and not only were the walls hung with innumerable paintings, drawings and sketches by himself and artist friends, but every corner had its collection of unhung art treasures. He was also a collector of china and glass, and one of his most cherished possessions was the set of claret glasses once belonging to Dickens. Many a pleasant hour have we spent in this room, when its owner would chat of his friends and show his treasures, but never spoke of himself or his writings. For some years past he had practically retired from journalistic work. But his interest in Dickens never waned and a Boz Club dinner always found him among the guests.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry's handwriting was the most beautifully neat we ever saw. It was small, but the formation of every letter was so accurate that no compositor could ever have been in doubt concerning a cipher of it.

NOCTES PICKWICKIANÆ

By G. W. M. REYNOLDS

Reprinted from *The Teetotaler*, 11th July, 1840

III.

MR. PICKWICK.—Sam.

SAM.—Sir.

MR. PICKWICK.—I'm decided, Sam.

SAM.—Wot, Sir, to have that there corned leg o' pork, biled for dinner to-day?

MR. PICKWICK.—No Sam; not exactly that.

SAM.—I hope you ain't arter changin' that broad-brimmed tile o' your'n for vun like a chimbley-pot, or leevin' off them celebrated black gaiters, or making a hobject o' yourself in your old age with trousers, instead o' them yaller tights. If so be that them there's your determinations, I for von puts up my *ueto* upon it. Beg pardon, sir, but must speak my mind, as the street-sweeper observed ven he said that the dustman wos no gen'leman.

MR. PICKWICK.—You need not be alarmed, Sam; I am not going to change my costume, nor any part of it. My resolution relates to another and more important matter.

SAM.—I hope you ain't a-goin' to stand for a borough, sir; 'cos every low feller tries to get into Parliament now-a-days. It ain't genteel, sir.

MR. PICKWICK.—You can't guess, Sam, what I am alluding to.

SAM.—Blessed if I can't though! I've got it now. You're a-going to spekilate on paper, are you?

MR. PICKWICK.—What! Me turn stationer, Sam?

SAM.—Commit your mental spekilations to paper, sir, I mean; or in other words, turn author.

MR. PICKWICK.—No, no, Sam; *that* I shall never do.

SAM.—Vell, sir; you're right again; 'cos every fool writes his book now-a-days. If a feller on'y goes to Calais and back, he takes up

three wolumes with the pertiklers. Travels is all the go. There's on'y two things as sells vell at present; and them's novels an' Germans. They give a guinea an' a half for a novel, and thirty thousand a-year for a German.* But if a German's worth all that, wot must an Englishman fetch?

MR. PICKWICK.—Why, nothing at all apparently, Sam, if I understand your allusion. But you are a long time guessing this mystery of my resolution. Do you recollect our conversation of the other day?

SAM.—Since I've bin a teetotaller, sir, my memory hasn't been troubled with no necessity to exert itself. Pump water makes a clear head; wine is in, wits is out.

MR. PICKWICK.—You have mentioned the very thing which—

SAM.—Ah! I knows wot you're up to, sir; now, I think you told me to get a copy o' that there song as I was a speakin' about t'other day; the song vich is supposed to be a dry log—

MR. PICKWICK.—A what, Sam?

SAM.—A dry log, sir; a vay of expressin' the conversation between two indiuiduels.

MR. PICKWICK.—A dialogue, you mean, Sam.

SAM.—Vell, sir, a dying log, if you like it better. But it's a dying log then between a lady an' a little beggar-boy in the street. So here goes; —recollect, sir, the lady speaks first, an' then the little boy.

“Pray who's the little boy that is dancing so nimbly?

Come, Mary, bring a half-penny down!”—

“Please, ma'am, I'm the feller as svept your chimbley;

An' I'm wery much obleeged for the *brown*.”—

“Alas! how his schooling has been neglected!

But perhaps his kind father's dead!”—

“No, ma'am, he's a tinker as is wery much respected,

An' this mornin' he's drunk in bed.”—

“Perchance 'tis a motherless child that they've fixed on

To dance? Does your mamma live still?”—

“Yes, ma'am,—at this moment she's stayin' at Brixton,

With a gen'leman as keeps a mill.”—

“Poor child! he is miserably clad—how shocking!

Not to give him some clothes were a sin,”—

“Thank 'ee, ma'am,—but I doesn't vant no shoe nor stocking,

I'd rayther have a quarten o' gin.”

MR. PICKWICK.—That song calls to my mind more forcibly than anything else, the horrors of drinking, and the depravity of those parents who set so terrible an example to their offspring. My resolution, Sam, is to embrace the principles of Teetotalism.

* Apparently a reference to the Prince Consort.—EDITOR.

SAM.—Hooray ! Hooray ! Pickvick and temperance for ever ! Wot'll my old father say now ? Blowed if he won't go into apoplectic fits. But all must follow the leader, as the young lady said ven she jumped off the Monument.

MR. PICKWICK.—I feel happy, Sam, that I have come to this wise determination.

SAM.—Now you'll go an' speechify down at the chapel in Aldersgitt Street. There's some wery nice men as speaks there ; 'specially a black von, as always is a svearin' that he's the only vite un there. Blowed if it isn't a wery pleasant sight to see with one's own wisual organs such a lot o' workin' men, all well dressed, and lookin' as if they had plenty o' bacon to eat, altho' they ain't got no gammon. Spereted fellers they is too, sir—wery spereted ; they come down t'other day in a wery 'andsome manner to set up a paper o' their own.

MR. PICKWICK.—Let us proceed to Aldersgate Street chapel, Sam : I am in a hurry to sign the pledge-book of the London United Temperance Association.

THE BLIND GIRL TO THE ROSE

“ I STOOD it close beside my pillow when I went to sleep last night, and remembered it in my dreams ; and when the day broke and the glorious red sun—the red sun, father ! ”

“ Red in the mornings and the evenings, Bertha,” said poor Caleb. “ When it rose, and the bright light I almost fear to strike myself against it in walking, came into the room, I hurried the little tree towards it, and blessed Heaven for making things so precious ! ”—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp ii.

Sweet Flower, the joyous sun is on thee shining,
Tinting thy blossoms with its gen'rous beams ;
And all night long gay Fancy hath been twining,
Thy opening blossoms in my rosy dreams.

Sweet Flower, I know around me thou art flinging
Thy sweetest fragrance on the balmy air ;
While on the floating breeze thine odour's winging
Its incense to the throne I seek in prayer.

Sweet Flower, I love thee—and that love possessing,
My *mind* beholds thee, beautiful to see ;
And to you Heaven I offer up my blessing,
For sending gifts so precious unto me !

J. H. JEWELL.

“ Dramatic and Musical Review,”
February 14th, 1846.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE, JUNE 2nd, 1917

LONDON, the Headquarters of the Fellowship, has for the third time running, been the scene of the Annual Conference.

The Council did not, however, choose London without first ascertaining the wishes of the English, Scotch and Irish Branches on the subject. These wishes were unanimous that the Conference should again be a merely formal meeting and that the only business transacted should be the minimum necessary for the official discharge of the many ways in which the Fellowship is striving to realize the objects for which it exists.

The Conference, therefore, met at 14 Clifford's Inn on Saturday, June 2nd, at 5 o'clock. Mr. F. T. Harry, the Chairman of the Council, presided.

The Report, a copy of which has been sent to every Branch, was taken as read, and was formally adopted, all discussion being deferred to a future Conference. The Accounts and Balance Sheet of Headquarters were also formally received and all discussion deferred.

The discussion on the Report and Accounts adjourned formally from last year was again deferred to a future Conference.

The following officers were re-elected for year 1917-18 :—President, Mr. W. Walter Crotch ; Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, Mr. T. W. Hill ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Walter Dexter ; Hon. Librarian, Mr. William Miller ; Editor of *The Dickensian*, Mr. B. W. Matz ; Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney.

The existing Vice-Presidents were all declared re-elected and no vacancies were filled.

The existing members of the Headquarters Council were re-elected for the year 1917-18, namely :—Messrs. E. H. Burden, H. W. Bruton, A. E. Brookes Cross, A. W. Edwards, C. H. Green, F. T. Harry, E. P. Haslam, A. S. Hearn, T. Cann Hughes, W. S. London, S. Marriott, W. Miles, F. Staff, W. Sutton and G. E. Tindal.

A vote of thanks to the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship (Mr. T. W. Hill) and to the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. Walter Dexter) was passed unanimously. The meeting was closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. F. T. Harry for presiding.

The following quotations from the Council's Report will be interesting in view of the formal proceedings reported above :—

“ In accordance with the precedent set last year, due to the present war conditions, the Council present only ‘ a short printed report ’ as required by Rule X., and this is done with the entire concurrence of all the Branches, reserving to a future year, a full report of all the activities of the Fellowship during the period covered. The Council look forward to the assistance of the Branches in being able to systematize an account of all that is being done to alleviate the lot of the sick and sorrowing, and in providing for the entertainment of our soldiers and sailors, both English and those from the Overseas Dominions.

"After the cessation of hostilities, the Council will, with the co-operation of the Branches, endeavour to hold a full Conference, which it is hoped may partake of an international character, and should be of great importance in the history of the Fellowship.

"The appeal of the Council for subscriptions towards the fund for providing blind readers with Dickens's works in the Braille type has been so successful, that the Council have therefore decided to go on with the work in order, if possible, to have all the novels brought within reach of the blind readers. To do this will require nearly £1,000, and it is hoped that all members of the Fellowship will do their utmost to consummate this ideal. Hard work will, however, be necessary to raise so large a sum.

"An appeal has already been made to Branches to make a collection at one of their meetings towards this fund, but so far only six Branches have responded, while promises have been received from six others. The Council take this opportunity to press this matter upon the attention of secretaries, as it is felt that this particular work should command the whole-hearted support and strenuous endeavour of every lover of Charles Dickens."

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT'S DICKENS VERSES

WE see all too little of Mr. Frank Speaight in the old country in these days, and a good many of us who look back to ten or a dozen years ago, when the Fellowship was a lusty infant, so to speak, conscious of nothing save the sheer joy of life, remember with regret the frequency with which he came among us, was one of us, and delighted us. Only such regrets of course as a man in middle life feels when he recalls hours spent with bosom friends twenty or thirty years ago when youth had full sway. Not that Frank Speaight is not one of us now in the true sense. Just as two young men may separate, the width of the world, yet maintain their friendship unbroken, so we still count Frank Speaight one of us, though he is so rarely among us. For he is, as he always was, a genuine Dickensian—not only a lover of Dickens's books, but a Dickensian at heart—and just as we often think of him, and take almost a parental pride (he won't mind us saying that, we are sure) in his successful career, so, we know, he thinks of us often, and is as staunchly wholehearted in his affection for the Fellowship to-day as he was in the beginning. We don't hear his cheery physical voice very often nowadays, but he has seen to it that we may hear his heart—his true self—speak to us. And from the other side of the Atlantic has come a charming little book. "My Dickens Friends" it is called, and Frank Speaight is its author. It contains some 75 little poems, each dealing with a Dickens character. Mr. Speaight has the metrical gift, and he has an unbounded love for Dickens. More than that, he has a big charitable heart, and in these verses he opens his heart wide. Not always does he reveal a gift of expression, certainly. For instance, take the first two verses of the poem addressed to Nancy :-

* "My Dickens Friends," by Frank Speaight. Illustrated by R. A. Weed. New York, James B. Pond. \$1.25,

The virtue here of being good,
Depends entirely on our food ;
If it be good, from clean hands given,
It naturally leads the way to heaven.

But some have food of rotten kind,
That taints the soul and blights the mind,
In sin they're trained from very youth,
With not one chance to know the truth.

We are not left in doubt what the author means, of course, but those first two lines are not happy. On the other hand, the lines headed "Oliver Twist" are admirable :—

O, that God's net could gather in
The wand'ring children of the earth.
They call the dears the fruit of sin,
With only pain to crown their birth.

* * * *

O, take the children, give them rest ;
Forgive the parents who have erred.
The Magdalene our Master blest ;
The sinner's cry He always heard.

But we must not quote any more. Always Mr. Speaight reveals that he is a true Dickensian with the heart to understand and a capacity for sincere and deep sympathy. The man, as his more intimate friends know him, speaks in this book, which they will all heartily welcome. It is daintily produced, with clever Dickens sketches at the top of the pages, and with several excellent drawings of the author in his impersonations of various Dickens characters.

J. W. T. L.

NEW AUCTION RECORD FOR "PICKWICK PAPERS"

IF, as is fair, we leave out of account the Coggeshall copy, which, with a page of the original manuscript inserted, produced 5,350 dollars last year, a new auction maximum has just been attained in New York for a set of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, in original parts as published at £1 in 1836-7. Mr. G. D. Smith was the buyer at no less than 4,500 dollars.

The set in question, offered as the property of the Mr. Samuel Henry Austin, Philadelphia, has more than once been described as the finest extant. It contains all the wrappers and advertisements, and each part is of the earliest issue, with the various "points" which appeal to the collector.

This is the identical set which realised but £34 in 1894, at the dispersal of the Frederick Burgess library, a sum which increased to £495 when Captain R. J. H. Douglas's valuable series of works by Dickens and others came under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer three years ago.

DICKENS BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

THE Dickens Fellowship's undertaking to find the necessary funds to defray the cost of printing as many as possible of Dickens's stories in Braille type for the Blind soldiers, sailors and others, has so far resulted in the following books being added to the Library of the National Institute for the Blind :—

The Old Curiosity Shop (7 vols.) at a cost of £50.

Great Expectations (6 vols.) at a cost of £45.

Barnaby Rudge (8 vols.) at a cost of £105.

Donations are now solicited for the manufacture of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 12 volumes, which will cost £155. Towards this amount the following sums have been received :—

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	106	15	11
Southampton Branch	3	16	6
Collected by Mr. H. Hubert	1	10	0
F. W. Brothers	1	1	0
Chesterfield Branch	0	10	6
Miss Lindsay	0	5	0
	£113	18	11

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

" *I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it ?*"—ROSA DARTLE.

QUESTIONS

DUTCH DROPS. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, chapter xxiv., when Jonas and Tom Pinch reach home after the struggle at the stile, Tom Pinch, "in his guilty agitation, shook a bottle of Dutch Drops until they were nothing but English Froth." Can any of your readers tell me what Dutch Drops are, and how they are prepared ?—B.C.

PHILIP QUARLL. Can any reader state what is known about Philip Quarll mentioned in chapter xxxvi. of the same book ?—B.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FORSTER'S "LIFE"

SIR.—Let me assure Mr. Corfield that I had read his article in the January number. I have re-read it now. But my views are unchanged. Up to a point, I am not out of sympathy with Mr. Corfield. Forster's book contains some inaccuracies, and there are some items of information that one wishes were not absent from it. If Mr. Corfield advocates an edition edited conscientiously by a man thoroughly qualified for the job, I am with him. That is what he does advocate on page 13, but it is only as a preliminary—a sort of thin end of the wedge business. For this is what he goes on to say: "Later on, combine in a re-issue 'Forster' and 'Forster II.' in one completed whole, dropping the footnotes or discarding the original inaccuracies."

And then perhaps somebody will oblige by treating Macaulay's "History of England" in the same way. One of these days, I verily believe, somebody will want to publish a "Paradise Lost II," correcting the theological views expressed by Milton.

Mr. Corfield makes much of the fact that different people see in Forster's book different Dickenses. Of course they do. The criticism—if such it be—may be levelled at any biography of any man. It depends upon the temperament of the reader. The only thing that any biographer can do is to present as faithfully as he can the man as he knew him, or sees him. Does Mr. Corfield say that Forster did not do it? In any case, it would surely make confusion worse confounded if portraits by fifty different people were included, which is what Mr. Walters advocates.

Mr. Corfield comes down to a dictionary definition of "Biography" "the history of the life and character of a particular person;" and he is very insistent upon the word "history." "Not personal impressions," he says. But what about "Character"? The Dictionary gives that a place in a biography. (I give it primary place, but I expect see page 13 that, in a biography of Dickens, Mr. Corfield would regard a reference to that pump as much more important). Will he tell me how "character" can be conveyed except through the medium of personal impressions? Suppose I were competent to do it, and were to set out to write a biography of—who shall we say?—well, to name one in whom I am peculiarly interested, Thomas Chatterton; the dictionary says I must give a history of his life *and of his character*. How am I to do the latter except by personal impressions, gained from reading the personal impressions of those who knew the boy, and from my own interpretation of his actions? Do we ask of an artist a photographic presentation of his subject or his own personal impression of it? (I am tempted to quote here Whistler's retort about that sunset, but I refrain.) Mr. Corfield says that I sweep away all proposals for "a better (because more useful) 'Forster'" with a wave of my pen. Upon my word, I wish I could wield a more lethal weapon than my pen, when I come up against proposals of this kind!

I know my Forster as well as most people. There are few living who have had more cause to go to him than I have had. I know his imperfections as well as anybody knows them. Certainly they have exasperated me a few times. But I say still: "Hands off!" As is the case with most men, his good qualities outweigh his bad qualities to a tremendous extent. And, in any case, his book is a conscientious piece of work and the authorised and—with all its imperfections—authoritative biography of Dickens. I say that no man has any right to interfere with a book written by another man. He may edit it, of course, elucidating points, correcting errors, and so on, but he has no right to touch the text. If such a right were once acknowledged in respect of one book I care not what the book or who its author—there would be—could be, no end to it. Any book, once it has been given to the public by its author, ought to be inviolable. This does not mean that I do not hold that there is room for need for, a new "Life" of Dickens, supplementary or auxiliary to Forster.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. T. LEY.

Newport, Mon.

SOME COMMON EXPRESSIONS IN DICKENS

SIR.—The article in *The Dickensian* for April on "Dickens as a Master of Words," by Mr. Willoughby Matchett, greatly interested me. As one reference (on page 91) has passed the May and June numbers unchallenged, may I ask Mr. Matchett to kindly quote chapter in *Dombey* in which occurs the now famous expression "Wait and See." I have recently read the book again, and feel pretty confident that I should have "made a note of it," had it been there. It occurs twice in *Nicholas Nickleby* (chapter 55 and 63), a fact overlooked in the article concerned.

The phrase "I don't think" will be found in chapter 6 of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, viz., in the passage: "Tom Pinch seemed a little disposed to be melancholy . . . and pursued his ruminations thus: 'I'm a nice man, *I don't think*, as John used to say . . . to be feeling low on account of the distance between us, etc.'"

Moreover, in point of date (the two uses of this expression in *Pickwick* ignored by Mr. Matchett, are earlier than that in *Chuzzlewit* by at least fifteen years. Both come from the lips of Sam Weller. At the "White Hart," he says to the chamber-maid: "You're a nice young woman, *I don't think*," and later, to Mr. Winkle: "You're an amiably disposed young man, Sir, *I don't think*."

Yours faithfully,

W. J. ROFFEY.

P.S.—re "Historic Gathering at Forster's home:" page 119 in May number. Should not the date be December 2nd, 1844 (not 1845)?—
W. J. R.

Yes. The year should be 1844. We have submitted the above letter to Mr. Willoughby Matchett, who writes:—

"If Mr. Roffey will refer to Chapter 35 of *Dombey and Son*, he will find the following passage:—'Mr. Towlinson, who now describes an opportunity of bringing down the spirits of the ladies to his own level,' says wait and see . . ."

Yours faithfully,

WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT.

Edgbaston,

June 1st, 1917.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BETHLEHEM (U.S.A.).—At the monthly meeting held in April last, Mrs. G. M. Newcomer delivered a lecture on "Dickens and Kent," written by Mr. B. W. Matz, and illustrated with numerous lantern slides. The lecture dealt with Dickens's personal association with the county and with the scenes connected with his many books.

HULL.—On June 16th, about thirty members and friends spent a very pleasant afternoon at Hessle and "Little Switzerland." The weather was glorious and our grand old Humber looked at its best in the evening sunlight. All thoroughly enjoyed the day.

LONDON.—On June 16th, a number of London Dickensians were

conducted through Johnson's Land. The itinerary commenced at St. Clement's Danes Church and ended at Johnson's house in Gough Square. The ramble was thoroughly enjoyed by all and Mr. T. W. Hill voiced the thanks of the party to their excellent guide, Mr. W. J. Roffey. The next ramble is fixed for Saturday, July 14th, when Mr. Fincham will conduct a party over the remains of the Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The party will meet at 2.45 outside St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, which is near the junction of Clerkenwell Road and St. John's Street. Will intending ramblers please notify Mr. W. C. Edwards, 76 Fawnbrake Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E. 24.

WINNIPEG.—On May 23rd, 24th, and 25th, Mr. Frank Speaight gave recitals of *Pickwick*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, the proceeds from which were given to the Big Brother and Sister Movement of the Province of Manitoba and the Children's Charities of the Branch. On the 23rd, Mr. Speaight was entertained to lunch by the Officers of the Branch, at Eaton's Louis XV. Room.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

My Dickens Friends, by Frank Speaight. Illustrated by R. A. Weed. New York: James B. Pond, \$1.25.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

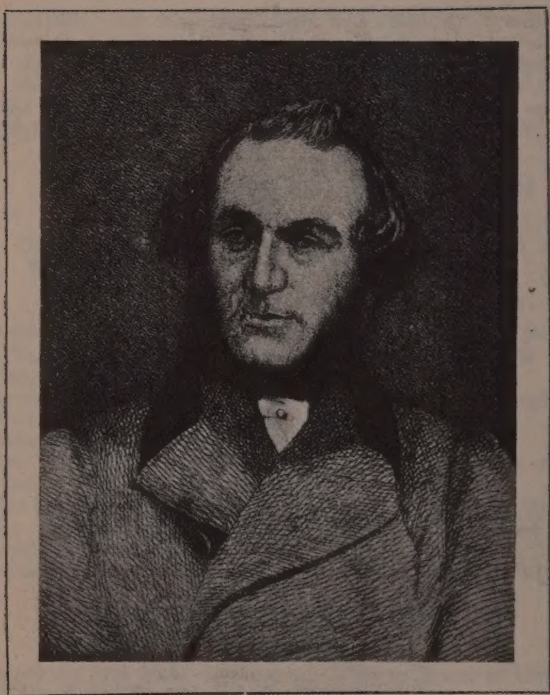
- "Dickens in Melbourne," by L.F.B. *Melbourne Argus*, 10th March.
- "A Tale of Two Cities," (Cinematograph version). *The Bioscope*, 24th May; *Kinematograph*, 24th May.
- "Scrooge the Skinflint" (a Christmas Carol), Cinematograph version. *The Bioscope*, 24th May; *Kinematograph*, 24th May.
- "'Oliver Twist' at the Old Vic." *Justice*, 31st May.
- "Mrs. Jellyby," by Wylam Gael. *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, 6th June.
- "The Letters of Charles Dickens," by E.S. *Christian*, 7th June.
- "Shy Neighbourhoods," by Charles Dickens. Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. *Strand Magazine*, June.
- "Wilhelm Sikes." Cover picture of *Grand Magazine*, July.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

JULY

14. Hackney and Stoke Newington: Visit to House of Commons at 3.30, and Lloyd's Printing Works at 7.30.
London: Visit to the remains of Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. See report of London Branch.

Apropos of the recent excitement over the alleged Romney picture, the story is told of a well-known picture dealer who was anxious to be introduced to Charles Dickens. After having succeeded he was asked his experience of the interview. He said: "Well, Mr. Dickens is a very clever man, but there is one thing I can do which Mr. Dickens could not do; he could not persuade a man to buy a picture he did not want."



JOHN LEECH